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No. 160.

SONG
BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
Song! Song! Song!
For a heart that is sad and sore,
Some gentle whisper of lyre and voice
To tell of the days of yore.
Sing to me soft and low,
It hath power to soothe my pain;
And try, in that sigh for bygone scenes,
To conjure them back again—
The voices of old—
The bilges of gold,
Oh! bid them return again.
Wild and deep be the strain,
When the murmur is o'er at last,
And pour from the harp all thy music's soul—
Welcome this dream of the past:
No dream to me,
How glad it be,
Is sweet as a dream of the past!
Sing I—
And I'll bless every waver that flows;
No breath so rich as a breath of love,
Nor sweater the dew on the rose!

Barbara's Fate: OR, A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

PLAYING WITH FATE.

"WHAT does this mean? I pray to be informed. Mr. De Laurian, will you explain? Blanche Chetwynd, what did I tell you?"

Blanche turned to hide her suffused face, but Gervaise confronted her, his eyes flashing.

"And permit me to inquire what you have been telling Miss Chetwynd?"

There was awful fury in his voice as he spoke, that betrayed the rage, the fear he felt lest Blanche knew all—yet he was sure she never would have acted as she had, had she dreamed of the true state of affairs.

"I told her, sir, that you were too conscientious a flirt to care, really, for her; if you made a pretense of it even, it would end as other flirtations have ended."

Her speech came fluently, and her eyes were steadily fixed on his, while her cheek grew pale as she spoke.

De Laurian's lips parted in a relieved smile, and his eyes lost their steely glitter.

"Indeed, Miss Barbara! I am everlastingly indebted to you for such a recommendation to Miss Chetwynd. However, I need hardly say, your words are destined to be proven false."

Barbara sprang to his side in a towering rage.

"Beware, Gervaise De Laurian, how you accuse me of falsehoods! Remember who I am!"

Barbara did not tell her why, and a pang of pity for the girl shot through her heart.

"He does not flirt with me, Blanche. Besides—nothing. Will this dress do?"

She had abruptly changed the topic of conversation, and took from the wardrobe a maize-colored silk.

"I will wear it, at any rate, and my India shawl," she said, then thinking how her husband admired the dress and shawl.

"It is very becoming, Barbara," said Blanche. "I shall wear my white cashmere and scarlet wrap."

And Blanche inwardly remembered hearing her lover say she looked like a "sunset fairy" in that heavy, richly hanging dress, with the vivid glowing of the scarlet to relieve it.

Both dressing for the one they loved best; each striving to appear perfect in his eyes; and he, pacing the piazza, with a fragrant cigar between his lips, planning his afternoon's work.

First, he would acquaint Mr. Chetwynd with his engagement to Blanche.

He found the gentleman in the library; a few words of courteous interchange, and then he made known his errand.

"I have come to deliberately rob you of your choicest treasure—if, indeed, I have not already taken it. I love Blanche, Mr. Chetwynd, and have told her so. She returns that love. May I have her?"

A sudden graveness overspread the gentleman's face.

"Are you aware of the fate that hangs over her head? The Curse of Chetwynd Chase has been gathering for years to break on my innocent Blanche's head?"

De Laurian was impressed by the solemnity of Mr. Chetwynd's manner.

"I have heard of it, but I do not hesitate to say I can shield her from every harm. Whose arm is stronger than a husband's, or whose heart stouter? I want her, and despite the Curse she shall be mine if you give her to me."

"You must give me time for an answer. You tell me you are sure you love my child? I have often found myself wondering about it, half concluding, at times, that you did; then your attentions to Barbara Lester would become so marked, I decided you were trying to win her."

"That is true, Mr. Chetwynd; but, remember, I have been placed between two as lovely women as the sun shone on, and who, think you, could have acted differently? I have been analyzing my feelings, and have learned it is Blanche Chetwynd I love."

Very proud, imperious and strong he looked, standing there, in the full flush of a perfect manhood, pleading his suit with a noble fervor that became a better man; and courteously Mr. Chetwynd, who had seen handsome men before, noticed the kindling of his violet eyes, the proud curving of his lips, under the heavy amber mustache, and did not wonder that Blanche had passed forever out of her keeping into his unworthy hands; in whose eyes still dawned the love-light awakened by his earnest protestations of abiding affection, Gervaise De Laurian went on, his heart beating high with wicked pleasure as he gloried in successful daring; as he thought of these two peerless women whose loves he had won, who acknowledged him their hearts' sovereign.

Lunch was comfortably over, when the Chetwynd carriage was driven up to the door.

Barbara and Blanche hastened to change their dresses for others more suitable, and it was when alone together that Barbara reproved Blanche for lack of confidence in her advice.

"But he extended his hand cordially.

"Mr. De Laurian, I tell you frankly, I would rather you would have my daughter than any man I know. Will you brave this Curse for her



"Beware, Gervaise De Laurian, how you accuse me of falsehoods! Remember who I am!"

sweet sake? will you take her with her dower of inherited vengeance? love her amid whatever misery may arise, cherish her through any gufits of trouble, even if you are sacrificed in trying to save her? I say "trying," because she can not be saved from Lady Constanza's Curse; it can not be averted by human hand, and they say fate will lead the youngest daughter of the house of Chetwynd to work out her own anguish with her own hands. I do not pretend to unravel this mystery, I only believe it as I believe I am a living, breathing man. I say, you will do so to her as you will call on your Maker to do you?"

De Laurian bowed his handsome head in reverent assent.

"I swear it, Mr. Chetwynd; and the Curse that lights on my darling's head shall first break its weight on mine."

"Then I greet you my son, Gervaise, my son!"

He grasped De Laurian's hand, and they exchanged a warm friendly greeting.

And the while, Blanche and Barbara, up in their room, were wondering at the low current of conversation that came floating indistinctly to their ears, and then Mr. Chetwynd's voice, clear and ringing, sounded in the hall below.

"Blanche! will you step down a moment?"

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE'S HIDE AND SEEK.

SHE turned almost abruptly away from Barbara, in whose hair she was twining a spray of dwarf pink flowers, and hastened down the stairs, leaving Barbara alone at the mirror, wondering if Gervaise would find any opportunity for a kiss or a caress, or a whispered love.

Little recked she of the scene transpiring below, as Mr. Chetwynd closed the library door after Blanche.

At a glance, Blanche comprehended the situation, and her heart beat rapidly as her father led her up to De Laurian.

"My daughter, this gentleman has asked for you in marriage. He loves you; you love him. I give you, my only daughter, my youngest born daughter, with the awful inherited Curse of Chetwynd Chase on your girlish head, to Gervaise De Laurian to be his wife, through good and ill, bliss and misery, for life, death and eternity."

He laid her hand in De Laurian's; her pure hand, in one so false.

With unshed tears lying on her lashes, Mrs. Chetwynd, who had been a silent witness, touched Blanche's forehead with her lips, then kissed Gervaise.

"Remember, my children, this must be sacredly confidential. I have but the one request to make, which I am sure will be granted. I would request the engagement retained perfectly secret for several months, until Blanche has attained her twentieth birthday. Mr. Chetwynd remembers this to be the custom of our family, if any are betrothed before that age. Then we will announce it with all eclat. Even from Bar-

bara, my dear, I wish you to keep the news. May I depend on you to gratify me in this one respect?"

Mrs. Chetwynd smiled as she spoke, as if she thought it would be a very serious thing for Blanche to withhold her all-important secret from Barbara, with whom she was naturally so very intimate.

De Laurian's heart was fairly throbbing with excessive exultation. What could have been better than that Mrs. Chetwynd herself should have suggested the secrecy from Barbara? He smiled at Blanche, who gladly agreed to keep their vows from Barbara's knowledge till the following June, when, on her twentieth birthday, both engagement and speedy wedding would be announced.

Then she went slowly up the stairs, her hands clasped over her heart to still, if possible, its mad throb of joy, fearful lest her telltale face should reveal to Barbara the sweet secret.

Stopping at the wardrobe, she selected a jaunty turban with a red cock's feather; then went on to Barbara.

"Are you ready, Blanche? I am, and waiting?"

Blanche took the garment, with a low "thank you," and the two descended to the piazza where De Laurian awaited them.

"Bring them back by dinner-time, Mr. De Laurian."

He promised Mrs. Chetwynd, and the carriage rolled rapidly along the wide, graveled drive, and out upon the main road.

It was a charming afternoon; and, the turnpike once gained, De Laurian relaxed the strict reins on the horses, and leaned against the cushions of the carriage.

"Is not the scenery fine in this delicious autumn haze?"

It was Barbara's voice that broke the silence that had intervened since they had left Chetwynd Chase.

"Perfectly; and a most fitting time and place for me to entertain my lady guests."

"As if we couldn't entertain ourselves, Sir Conceil!"

Blanche laughed, and Barbara relaxed into a smile.

"Doubtless you could, although, you will admit, the subject of edification would be gossip or fashion."

"Or a more congenial subject, perhaps—love."

Barbara spoke in a low, intense voice, glancing at Gervaise.

His eyes sent back an answering light, and Blanche, fearful lest her incarnadine cheeks should reveal her thoughts, looked indistinctly through the window.

"It does seem strange that love is the only topic ever handled by poet, artist, or author; that is love and its modifications, which are envy, jealousy or revenge. So far as I am concerned, though I am neither painter, poet or romancer, I know love to be most delightful experience."

Blanche's veil tumbled softly down over her

face, and under its filmy folds Gervaise detected the brightness of her eyes that she could not hide.

"Then you have loved, Mr. De Laurian?"

Barbara thought how strangely the question sounded as it left her lips, and a smile of amusement was in her eyes as she thought how she and Gervaise must converse thus, under the semblance of indifference.

Blanche would not mistrust how direct the application was of such commonplace remarks while through them she and De Laurian conversed their love.

"Have I loved," you asked, Miss Barbara?

I have; I do, most earnestly, most devotedly, I love with a fervor that never can be quenched till my heart is chilled by death."

His eyes were flooded with that dangerous siren light that made those two women's hearts throb so wildly.

"How is it with you? You have questioned me, now, let me elicit an answer from you."

"Well," returned Barbara, her voice coming low and thrilling, "I love one who returns my affection as warmly as I can ask. I love him as no one else could. I will be true to the death."

She was nervously toying with the lace cover of her parasol, her eyes cast down, the long lashes valing their light, and Gervaise De Laurian was watching her passionate face, triumphing that all that beauty was his.

"But, supposing he were false, Barbara?"

Gervaise spoke almost before he thought, and the flashing black eyes were raised in a second.

"I would not believe him false. He is not, I know, but admitting the fact that he *dares* be all, I can not express what he would receive at my hands."

Gervaise laughed.

"No one could be false to you, Miss Barbara. No one would. Depend upon this one whom you love, and trust him even as you say do. He were less than man did he not worship you."

A gleam of exquisite joy darted from her eyes as he spoke.

Turning to Blanche, who had listened to it all, he laughingly challenged her.

"Come, Miss Blanche, tell us if you are acquainted with this rosy god?"

"You are too personal. I am almost afraid to confess."

"Then there is a confession? To reassure you, Miss Blanche, I am very confident there must be, somewhere on this wide hemisphere, some one who loves you truly, lastingly."

The scarlet flowered in a quick tide to her face, and she averted her head, withal so thankful for the delicate avowal he had made; but she strove to laugh it off.

"You must be a wizard, Mr. De Laurian."

"There, that reminds me. Why need we three insist on calling each other by such foolish formal titles? I am sure we all are each other's best friend, and I propose from this moment we be 'Barbara,' 'Blanche' and 'Gervaise' to each other."

The girls were only too delighted. Blanche, that she dared address him so; Barbara, that his strategy was so admirable, for her heart yearned to call his loved name again.

Meanwhile, engrossed in pleasant conversation, they had traversed the distance between Chetwynd Chase and Passaic Falls, and, as they slowly drove through the shady avenues, De Laurian still contrived that all his remarks should appear personal to both, yet not arouse suspicion in either.

"That reminds me, Barbara, of your vengeance you spoke of an hour ago. See that fissure just to the right of us, that extends the whole length of the rock? I can imagine you thrusting your unloved lover down there, with your star eyes above him, the last light the world should hold for him."

Blanche shivered.

"Gervaise, don't talk so." And Barbara laughed.

Gervaise laughed it off. He was so brilliant, so fascinating, and Barbara's eyes grew darkly tender as they rode home in the gathering gloom, while his hand clasped hers under the protecting shawl, and he stooped, now and then, under pretext of arranging the affghan, to whisper, in such a heart-stirring tone, "My beautiful wife!"

Silently happy she nestled beside him, caring for naught; knowing his presence was her very life; his love, that glanced in his eyes, her more life.

On the other side, her scarlet wrap clung closely around her white, pure face, her sun-bright hair streaming in the brisk west wind, Blanche was quietly sitting, with De Laurian's arm around her shoulder, dreaming over the life he had murmured "my own," so many ions of that blissful afternoon.

So they rode homeward, with the round, yellow harvest moon slowly coming up from behind a low-lying bank of clouds; with the soothing music of the Passaic coming to their ears. These two women, each blessing Gervaise De Laurian for the love that he had given her; each thankful that in the fullness of that love, he made them so perpetually conscious of it, and yet preserved it a hidden treasure from the other.

And Gervaise De Laurian himself, so handsome and defiant, with a smile on his lip, that in its beauty and purity belied the laugh of horrors triumph in his heart, rode home between these two women, whose happiness he was deliberately crushing, whose lives he was forever blasting.

Well was it for him that the golden light of the harvest moon did not lighten his purposes as it did his faultless face; as it had frozen the smile of serene happiness on the lip of his unconscious victims as he lifted them carefully from the carriage, with a caress for both, as they ascended the steps of the piazza.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SHADOW ON THE PATH.

"WE'VE company for you, Barbara, Blanche. It's fortunate you've returned in such good season, especially you, Barbara, for your old friend and admirer is extremely anxious to see you."

"To see me? Who can it be? I have no such devoted cavalier."

Her glance wandered involuntarily to De Laurian, who with the light in his eyes she had learned to dread, was regarding her intently.

"Who can it be, now, I wonder?" retorted Mrs. Chetwynd, laughingly. "Sure enough, who is the gentleman whose letters lie in a certain casket in Miss Barbara Lester's room, all tied with blue?"

A sudden conscious flushing of her cheeks, more than Mrs. Chetwynd's words, aroused a demon in Gervaise De Laurian's breast, that required more exorcising than could easily be exerted. Blanche, for the moment, wondered why her lover looked so darkly; then she dismissed the thought with a chiding to her own heart for judgment against him. A brief second Gervaise had looked sternly at Barbara; then with a gesture she rightly interpreted as jealousy, he turned to Blanche, all smiles and attention. Mrs. Chetwynd's voice broke the oppressively awkward silence.

"You do not seem desirous of welcoming him, so I will myself summon him from the parlor. Mr. Davenal!"

Like lightning De Laurian turned around, and though Barbara's face was purposely averted, she felt the glances of rage he cast on her, as, in answer to the summons, light, quick footsteps approached.

The door opened and Roy Davenal entered the library. With a bow to the party, he went straight up to Barbara, who, with wildly throbbing heart, as she tried to imagine the effect of this meeting on her husband, awaited his coming.

"Barbara Lester! I am so delighted to see you again; and Blanche, how do I find you?"

He extended a hand to each, but, after cordially clasping her fragile fingers, let her remove them, while he retained Barbara's, and closed the remaining hand over her palm.

His admiration was too sincere for coquetry, and as with elaborate politeness Gervaise De Laurian acknowledged the introduction, he decided that Roy Davenal was in love with his wife.

He surveyed his rival from head to foot; and as he acknowledged what a fine-looking man this Roy Davenal was, he also concluded to flunk him.

It was a serious business this double affair of his; and if he possessed unlimited boldness to attempt to carry it through, he also possessed an unmeasurable amount of jealousy that enabled him to prevent Roy Davenal from courting his wife, or paying attention to Blanche Chetwynd, even while he must attend to both himself *sub rosa*. But, as to think was to act with Gervaise De Laurian, so, while he critically disposed of handsome Roy Davenal, so did he decide upon the course he himself would pursue.

First, he was going to let Roy Davenal suppose he was in love with Blanche Chetwynd, which, of course, was partly true, but of which Barbara had not the vaguest suspicion. This plan, while it left him free to keep good his protestations to Blanche, would serve to remind Barbara of the promise they had mutually made, viz., that if she ever flirted with Roy Davenal, he should not hesitate to do the same with Blanche Chetwynd. He never, for a moment, supposed Barbara was playing a game as deep as his own; he only supposed that Davenal was in love with her, and that there was nothing between them. In this he was vastly mistaken, as he learned afterward. His mind made up thus far, he dismissed all thoughts of after-results, and began his part in the tragedy that darkened from that hour, by turning to Blanche with a smile that set her heart a-flutter.

"Blanche, if you are not fatigued, suppose we take a promenade?" Mrs. Chetwynd, may I go? I assure you I will take excellent care of her."

Barbara turned at the words, and was in time to see him place the scarlet wrap over her shoulders, and clasp the silver fastening.

He drew her hand through his arm, and, with a glance as swift as meaning at Barbara, passed out the open French window.

"Shall we follow, Barbara? I have so much to say."

Roy Davenal bent low over her crimson cheeks.

Only an instant did she hesitate, as she thought:

"I will be equal with Gervaise De Laurian. He shall see I can flit as well as he can."

Then, with a bewitching smile, she answered Davenal, loud enough to be also heard by Gervaise and Blanche; and her husband ground his heel on the gravelled path as the musical sound reached him.

"Thank you, Roy; I will go. I know nothing I should prefer to a moonlight walk with you alone!"

And Roy Davenal, in the fullness of his love, believed what she said!

"And now, my own, tell me every thing that has happened since we parted, in the spring. Have you been well? and happy, and true?"

They had gone only a little way from the river bank, and it seemed to the girl who leaned so heavily on his arm that his voice was lower, and more intense than ever she had heard it; and a shiver thrilled her, but she unhesitatingly answered him.

"Well, and happy, and true, Roy."

How she abhorred herself for that deliberate lie! but there, in the moonlight, before them walked the two who were gazing her on to it.

"I need not have asked it, for my heart is the judge of yours, yet I am so happy to find you are my very own after all."

"After all?" Roy, what do you mean?"

Her heart beat quicker for the moment, and yet she knew her secret was her own.

"That gentleman I met—that Mr. De Laurian has a reputation that has reached all the way to my Western home. Blanche's lover, I see now."

"Well?"

Barbara answered calmly, but her eyes glinted with a light that told how strongly her heart resented whatever reflection Roy might cast upon her husband.

"I heard he was a frequent inmate of Mr. Chetwynd's mansion, and knowing how beautifully bewitching you were, my Barbara, how could I help wondering if he would win you over to him?"

"You forgot Blanche, Roy. You see for yourself his devotion. Besides, how could I play you false?"

"Why did she not tell him, then and there? Why did her voice, fraught with such liquid tenderness, lead her deeper into anguish than the last, and him further from happiness?"

"You could not, I know, and that I have wronged you by the suspicion, let me beg your pardon. Still, you can hardly censure me when you know it was love that prompted the fond jealousy. To lose you, my Barbara, would be worse than death."

He wound his arms around her waist, and kissed her mouth; while, just in advance of them, she saw Blanche clinging to her hus-

band's arm, and his haughty head bowed in tender solicitation. Her innate womanliness cried out against this double outrage, but a lurking devil in her heart prompted her to deal as she was dealt by; not thinking it was Gervaise De Laurian she was outmaneuvering, foul-hearted though he was, but her own self, that guileless Blanche, her noble lover, who, had he known what she could have told him, would have fled from her as from a plague-tainted creature.

But, to Roy Davenal, Barbara Lester was the embodiment of all that was good, pure, and womanly; and, in the might of his love, he had invested her with the qualifications of a goddess. That tableau before her—and little recked she that all was truth that she thought a bit of clever, pointed acting—galled her, and with a firm resolution to banish the admonitions of conscience while she detected no signs of a disconnection on her husband's part of this wretched farce, she turned around toward Roy; a sigh, that she could not repress, escaping her lips.

"Did I hear aright? Barbara, you are not wounded at what I said?"

"I am not. I happened to recall a memory of the past that gave me a momentary heart pang. That is all."

"Barbara, do you know I can truthfully say I do not regret any of my part that concerns you? By the by, dearest, I came across the most charming ballad the other day that so fully coincides with my feelings. Shall I sing it?"

"If you will, yes."

Barbara was gazing at the pain before them, and she spoke in feverish haste.

"Mr. De Laurian and Blanche will doubtless be a delighted audience," responded Roy, gaily. "But I am perfectly willing they shall consider the language personal."

His clear tenor notes, mellow and musical, sounded out on the still autumn night; and, as Barbara clung to his arm, wondering what her husband would think, and smiling bitterly as she thought how much more guilty she was than he, De Laurian and Blanche involuntarily slackened their steps to listen.

"Oh, Gervaise, my ear's love. The years but make thee dearer far. My heart shall never, never rove. From thee, my bright, my guiding star! For me the skies no longer hold a gloom. Within the year I'll meet to me. I bless the hour when first we met."

"The hour that gave thy love to me!"

In a flood of exquisite, pensive melody the words died softly away.

"Gervaise, is not that lovely?"

Blanche Chetwynd, her eyes wet with unshed tears, looked up in her lover's face.

"Perfect. So touching and expressive of my feelings to you, my own."

"As if I did not know that! And while I am so happy in your love, Gervaise, I rejoice that Barbara's heart is so fully Roy's. They have been engaged these three years."

"Engaged?"

He started involuntarily, his eyes lighting up with a dangerous glow.

"Why, yes. Did you not know? They will be married in the early spring."

"Married! Barbara Lester married in the spring!"

He repeated the words in a low, hoarse tone, that made Blanche look at him in extreme surprise.

"Why, Gervaise, what of that?"

Her words recalled him to the actualities of the present, while they warned him of his part to play.

"Nothing, Blanche, dear. Only it seems so odd, somehow, to associate Barbara and marriage. I should as soon have thought of hearing of your marriage with—well with—"

"Some old married man?"

And Blanche laughingly supplied the most ridiculous companion she could think of.

For a second his cheek burned, and his dark eyes steadily studied her sweet, guileless face.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 158.)

The False Widow:
OR,
FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME DU RAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SUDDEN VOYAGE.

FLORIEN, in her room above, had permitted herself to be disrobed, and lay down in her little white-draped French bed, thinking herself too blissfully happy to close her eyes in sleep. But soon she lost herself in delightful fancies, and from that she lapsed into the deep sweet slumber of youth and health.

And Mrs. Redesdale below never went to bed at all.

It seemed that all the proprieties were to be outraged in the breaking dawn of that May morning. When that long consultation with her son was over, Mrs. Redesdale summoned the sleepy footman, who had passed the night in a half-chair, who was waiting there still to give ingress to the young man, and dispatched a hastily scribbled note to Colonel Marquestone.

That gentleman had been one of the last to quit the scene of the masked ball, and was just settling himself comfortably into his first nap, when, after considerable difficulty, he was aroused and the message delivered to him.

"What the—saints has come about now?" he grumbled. "Of all inexplicable, incomprehensible mysteries, a woman is the worst."

He dressed himself at once, however, and went his way to grant his *fiancee* the immediate interview she asked. What the object of that interview was, the course of closely succeeding events will show. A little ornamental clock was striking eight as she entered her room, and the sun was well up in the sky. There was no maid in waiting, for Mrs. Redesdale was fully equal to the management of her ordinary toilettes, and she did not care to have sharp eyes invade her privacy. Adele, who was Florien's maid, was at her command whenever she wished her services. Now she set about the task of removing her ball costume quite unaided, and replaced the sweeping velvet robe with a morning wrapper of some neutral tint, but faced up the front with crimson silk. For at last, she had thrown aside the distasteful blacks she had worn so long, and was blossoming out in the vivid tints which became her so well.

She sat in her chair before the window, open to admit the fresh morning air, her thoughts going back to cover over the occurrences of the night. Marquestone, impatient and inclined to be jealous, insisting on the immediate fulfillment of the vows she had made first and broken four and twenty years ago; Alec Kenyon rising as it were from the dead, and demanding at her hands his daughter, whom she had driven to self-destruction—that talk the sea would never return, but she was as sure of it as she had seen the piffling waters close over the bright young head; Louis, bereft of the gentle influence which would have turned his best impulses to nobler and better aims, lending himself, reckless and resolute, to the scheme which involved her so deeply; the two happy lovers,

Aubrey and Florien, to be separated, estranged, their bright hopes sacrificed to the ambition she was rearing—surely enough to engross her in the contemplation.

"My impetuous colonel," she thought. "What a pity such fidelity as his must be disappointed. For the third time, too, but yet a little longer he shall enjoy the blissful delusion. It really distresses me to contemplate the blank of despair to which he may be consigned, but bigamy is an ugly word, and an uglier fact

when a man like Alec Kenyon stands in the way, and yet—and yet I don't suppose any money would induce him to take me back to his faithful breast again. These scruples of conscience, what martyrs they make of us. How did he care for me once too, that he could so soon forget the baby-faced first wife, and he imagined I would forgive his artifice and receive the pining infant because it was his child. I thought I had revenged myself to the full when I put it out of his power to see or know her, and now how the father's heart yearns for the wif, which must be restored to him. Blue eyes and yellow hair, and he will never know she is not of his flesh and blood. It is not a hard task—that much of it."

"The trouble—the only great trouble will be with the willful girl above stairs. But she must submit, and then—well, surely, her bridegroom's mother will be sacred as her husband's wife. There will be no exposure, no scandal. I shall have half the fortune she brings her little lord, and I shall slip gracefully out of the circle, to return or not as shall thereafter be decided. That poor colonel again! It will come like a cruel blow upon him. I'm afraid, I think I really should prefer being out of the reach of his wrath, but I can face the music and hear it out—as witness last night."

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NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a news-dealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are invited to make the following rates:

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98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A Stirring Sea Romance!

We shall, in our next number, give the opening chapters of a brilliant, dashing, intensely-exciting romance of Sea and Shore by an author who is now an immense favorite, viz.:

THE SEA CAT;
OR,
The Witch of Darien.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "DOUBLE DEATH," "ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

To the historical correctness of its main incidents, and the actual existence of the horrible "sea cat," the author superadds some of the strongest and most startling elements of interest we have ever known to be introduced to a sea story.

Morgan, the Buccaneer and Sea Rover!

comes to the front, in his true character. An Irish-Welshman by birth, he becomes a Spaniard by adoption, and a sailor and rover by taste for adventure and love of his gains. His career for audacity, for gallantry, for merciless pursuit of an enemy or a determined prize was something wonderful; and this career—or a portion of it rather—the author here makes the groundwork of a most brilliant story.

The Sea Cat is that

MONSTER OF THE DEEP

immortalized by Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea"—the sea spider it more properly should be named, with tentacles or "feelers" many feet long, with which it grapples its prey, be it man or beast. This creature, in the Caribbean Sea, grows to monstrous dimensions, and with one of gigantic proportions Morgan is made to grapple, to save the Señorita, who is to become his prey.

The story details, not only the pure sea life of the dreaded Buccaneer, but the shore life of the fraternity or

Brotherhood of Sea Rovers.

who, taking possession of a stronghold at Darien, became, for a time, almost masters of the whole South American Coast, and of the whole region known as the "Spanish Main."

The daring Morgan, having decided upon the conquest of the town of Panama, details that terrible descent of the See Bandits and the events that followed—out of which sprung the strangest of all strange events in Morgan's wild life, which this splendid story relates.

We present this tale with great satisfaction, adding as it does another to the

MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN ROMANCE,

which it has been the SATURDAY JOURNAL's pleasure to lay before its readers. One or two such serials per year would be sufficient to carry any ordinary weekly, but in this paper it is one of many!

Our Arm-Chair.

Authorship as a Profession.—In answer to a young friend's request, to express our views regarding authorship as a life pursuit, we have to say that we regard the "calling" of author as highly honorable and creditable, where there is special talent or genius behind; but, we must also admit that, as a profession, authorship is not, save in exceptional and unfrequent instances, remunerative or money-making. We believe we state what is essentially an admitted fact, that those who adopt "letters" (literature) as a profession, are, in nine cases out of ten, neither well-to-do in money matters nor happy.

This is owing chiefly to the influx of foreign brain-work, which our periodical and book publishers can have, without price. As a consequence, the market is not only overstocked but the American author is anticipated by the foreign, and, therefore, is only used by sufferance, as it were. We are sorry for this state of things—it is, indeed, nationally discreditable; but, in the absence of an international copyright law, there is no help for it. Publishers, who do favor a Home and National Literature, are so hard pressed in the race of competition, by those who "appropriate," that it is, at times, extremely difficult to resist this pressure to use unpaid-for matter, or to pay the American author a fair price for his or her work.

If, in view of all these discouragements, our authors will write, it is an inspiring "sign of the times," since it shows our indomitable American spirit, and that we have talent so distinctive and decided that it will express itself, pay or no pay. When that good time does come, wherein property in a man's brain-work is regarded as sacrosanct as his property in patents, or bonds, or lands, then we shall see literature, as a profession in this country, a magnificent success.

Secret Signals.—In our last week's notes we answered a query regarding signals by a handkerchief. Much inquiry being made for these signals, we here give what is now the accepted "code."

Drawing the handkerchief across the lips—desires of an acquaintance. Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry. Taking it by the corners—you are too willing. Dropping it—we will be friends. Twisting in both hands—indifference. Drawing it across the cheek—I love you. Drawing through the hands—I hate you. Letting it rest

on the right cheek—yes. Letting it rest on the left cheek—no. Twirling it in the left hand—I wish to be rid of you. Twirling it in the right hand—I love another. Folding it—I wish to speak to you. Flirt it over the right shoulder—follow me. Opposite corners in both hands—wait for me. Drawing across the forehead—we are watched. Lifting to the right ear—you have changed. Letting it remain on the eyes—you are cruel. Winding it around the forefinger—I am engaged. Winding it around the third finger—I am married. Putting it in the pocket—no more at present. Crimp up in the hand—I am impatient. Touching the right eye twice—repeat your last signal.

But, let us repeat what we said last week—that no gentleman will presume to signal a lady with whom he has no acquaintance. To do otherwise is not merely rude; it is positively impudent, and any other gentleman would be justified in resenting the liberty, since the lady herself can not, with propriety, express her indignation or contempt.

We are well aware that certain persons calling themselves gentlemen, do signal ladies on the street or in assemblies, to whom they are utter strangers; but, such men are worse than ill-bred—they are insolent; and if they are not called to an account it is because they escape the observation of the lady's friends. We know of a case, a few days since, in which a certain young "blood" had his nose pulled and his face severely slapped by a young lady's father, and the verdict was prompt—served him right, for repeatedly signaling the lady to "follow me."

Use the code, therefore, with extreme care, and always with a full knowledge that the lady is friendly and will take no offense at the sign correspondence; otherwise you hazard your good name as a gentleman, and may commit an offense which is not readily overlooked.

Chat.—It is one thing to appreciate a good thing and to enjoy it personally, and another thing to seek to have others share in the enjoyment. To enjoy in silence and seclusion is not always selfish, for the privacy of one's room is the very place for the best mental pleasure; but that is selfish which refuses to impart to others the suggestion which will profit them, or the knowledge which will open up new resources of improvement and delight. A person, who, having delighted in a book, passes it over to others, commanding its good points, is not the least of benefactors; and the reader of magazines or weekly papers who encourages others to become readers also, is essentially doing a service. Occasionally we receive such notes as the following from a reader in Akron, Ohio:

"Having been a constant reader of your beautiful and profitable paper ever since "Tracked to Death" was commenced, we (wife and I) feel like recommending it to those in search of good things to read in leisure hours. Besides reading it regularly, I have obtained two other regular readers, who purchase it weekly."

Now, we'll venture a guess that this correspondent is a good man, a good neighbor and a good citizen—that he is well-informed, goes to church, sustains public schools and encourages enterprise in all proper ways—and this, not merely because he reads the SATURDAY JOURNAL, but for the spirit betrayed, of having others enjoy what has been a pleasure to him. If all who read this would go and do likewise, think of the many persons, young and old, now groping around listlessly for "something good to read," who would be pleased, benefited and encouraged to express their pleasure to others. Next to a good friend a good weekly paper is the greatest comfort, and we always feel like making any person our friend who not only takes such a weekly but seeks to have his friends the same.

—Authors and correspondents will, in many cases, persist in refusal to comply with these orders:

1st. Fully prepay all communications.

2d. Put no correspondence of any nature whatever in a MS. prepay'd at "Book" rates.

3d. Attempt to send no MS. as "Book" MS. which is to be used in a periodical.

4th. Remit stamps for MS. return if it is desired to preserve it.

It is quite useless for any person to seek to ignore these rules or laws, for laws they are. They must be obeyed, else the delinquent package or author is the sufferer. We almost every day have packages come from the post-office marked "ten," "fifteen," "twenty" cents due, and of course refuse to receive them. As a consequence, they are irretrievably lost, for the Post Officials are utterly indifferent to any property rights in anything they handle. Business with them simply means postage and delivery—nothing more. They will just as soon consign a \$100 MS. to the refuse paper cellar as an old newspaper—it is all "waste" to them. They want their postage; postage is what they will have; and all correspondents can do is to see that the proper postage is fully prepaid. For want of this precaution many a valuable MS. has gone irretrievably into the cellar; and in some cases the authors have complained that we did not reserve the package and pay the amount due, in order to save the loss of the MS. It is useless to ask us to do this. It is the author's first business to obey the above injunctions; when he violates them he does so at his own loss.

CONVENIENT DISTANCES.

The way our country neighbors are besieged every summer would seem to contradict the adage that "every man's house is his castle," because it is not so by any means. People, who want to get along through the hot months in a cheap way, always find some one who lives at such a convenient distance from the city that they surely must be visited.

Perhaps some farmer furnishes a certain family with provisions, and that is sufficient excuse for the family to post themselves off, the next summer, to the farmer's house. There they take up their quarters. To be sure, they pay their board, but very grudgingly is it done. They seem to imagine that eggs, butter and milk cost nothing. Let them go to churning butter some day and see how their arms will feel at the end of the experiment.

Grandma Lawless used to say, if a yellow dog was to run across her farm, it was excuse enough for the family who owned the dog to pass the next summer with them, she lived at such a convenient distance. Well, 'tis about so now. Imagine, if you please, my dear city reader, a hot day and plenty of work for the farmer and his wife: don't you suppose that, when it becomes dark, they'd be glad enough to retire and forget their cares in a world of dreams?

Yet I have known of a party of six or seven coming at that very time to remain for two or three days, and, of course, the poor, tired farmer's wife must go to work to get them up a supper, for she must not forget her hospitality, be she ever so weary, and she must look pleased enough to utter the falsehood of "I am so glad to see you."

Yes, and we country folks are glad to see you when you'll come at proper times. Supposing we do live at a convenient distance, that's no reason we should have company unheralded and unmasked, is it?

You don't like to be beset with visitors at your city homes, if even your friends do live at a convenient distance from you, I know; then why should we, poor innocent rustics, revel in the idea?

Mrs. Townly finds the weather growing excruciatingly warm, and thinks it will be a good idea to close her house for the summer, and go visiting her friend, who, of course, lives at a convenient distance.

"Why, it don't cost them any thing to live, you know, and they must certainly be delighted to have us there! It will fully pay them to hear my description of the fashions," says Mrs. Townly.

You needn't laugh, for this is not foolish fiction; it is stern reality.

"But," you say, "you always do have such a good time and enjoy yourself so much in the country, and really everybody seems so glad to have us there."

We are not savages and Hottentots; we don't look as if we wanted to say "You're here quite long enough," but, sometimes, our heart does sink within us when we see the stage-coach drive up to our door and a family of five or six emerge therefrom, with the same number of trunks and bandboxes.

"Evre's selfish, isn't she? Wants her little cottage all to herself! Don't suppose she'd treat us well, if we went to visit her, do you?"

You're mistaken. I am not selfish, and my cottage stands with its door open, and you'd be made welcome, provided you came when I was in one of my angelic moods. Why, there are some people I'd give worlds to have pass a summer with me, but they can't get away, for the simple reason that they are always overburdened with company, for they live on the line of the railway, and, of course, at a very convenient distance.

There comes the stage-coach now; company alights, and I must say good-by to stationery. Excuse me if I say I wish we didn't live at such a convenient distance.

EVIE LAWLESS.

INCRITITUDE.

It is indeed, "more blessed to give than to receive," and we should ever give, freely and willingly, what it is in our power to bestow. Though we should not grant our favors with the hope of reward in return, still it is no more than natural we should expect persons to be grateful for what we do for them.

The simple words, "Thank you," seem to come so spontaneously to our lips, that it ever seems strange that all do not use them, but some individuals there are who appear as though they would rather receive a whipping than utter them.

It is a mystery why this is so. If we expect kindness we should be grateful for it, and not be so boorish as to receive gifts in sullen silence. It seems as though we were under the impression that the world was made only for us, and what we have done for us is no more than our own right, and what we should expect—in which case we have nothing to be grateful for. It is a strange way to argue, but it is not like the world's arguing at large?

We hear of parents tending their children with care, kindness and attention, depriving themselves of comforts and pleasures that their offspring may not want for any thing, and these same children grow up and are in situations to make the lives of their parents smooth-sailing; do they do it?

Parents are treated with disrespect, are styled, "the old man," and "the old woman," while their advice is looked upon as officious, and their conversation as behind the times we live in.

Is it not shameful to think that these remarks are true, that every day cases come up before us where the parents' love is repaid by the basest of ingratitude?

The very home they have labored so hard to keep may be torn from them by their own children, and they sent adrift in the world to live on the charities of the stranger. Is it because hearts are dying out, and marble is taking the place of human flesh? Is money gaining such mastery over us, that we are willing to put away our own kith and kin, that we may have less to provide for? If this is so, how can we expect the Omnipotent Being to care for us, to show us mercy and forgiveness if we disobey His laws of duties to parents? In His eyes, ingratitude is looked upon with abhorrence.

F. S. F.

A Star Shower.

Our poets will have their say upon subjects which the prose-writer chatters about, wearily enough sometimes. As for instance: here, in this tender tribute is a whole novel, or biography, or life sketch:

TRUE LOVE.

My love as a lily was fair
In the days long since gone by,
And her voice, like a thrill of music rare,
Blew my soul into subtle harmony.

Ah! her pure white face,
And her step so light,
And her clear, bright eye,
And her grace.

Were my soul's delight
In the days gone by.

My wife is wrinkled and old,
Her voice is cracked, yes,
But unchanged toward her is the love I hold,
Though the bloom of her youth has passed away.

And her voice seems sweet to me each day,
Ah! her soul is fair!

And my heart's delight
Is her love so pure;

"Tis a treasure rare

That time can not brighten,

And will aye endure.

—W. C. PHILLIPS, JR.

What can be more artfully told than this sweetly and quaintly-rhythmed story of woman's ways?

TWA WAYS.

Lang' agoone I met a miss,
An' she was pretty, pretty,
We met an' parted wi' a kiss.

An' we were well, an' we were happy,

An' she was gaenor her ain gate,
An' I gaed mine."

I met again the pretty missies,

An' we were well together,

An' I was waiting perfect bliss,

When lo! I was her brother

An' she gaenor her ain gate,
An' I gaed mine.

Abin a year we met aine mair,

An' a' waurly twain were one again.

She said, "I forgat the 'treire,'

An' then she ca'ed me 'mair!'

Ah! I'se gaenor her ain gate,
Mau I gaed mine.

—DONALD.

How much point is in this suggestive little sermon in verse! Some sermons will talk a whole hour and not say as much.

THE VOYAGEURS.

A

WRECKED!

BY JENNIE GUEST.

I saw two barks, one a ruin day,
Launched on the waves, and sail away,
With hopeful hearts beat high and fast;
At the barks from the sight of the gazer passed.
But at night, their hopes were storn of their crown,
For these same two vessels in darkness, went down—
Down with their freight of human woe;
Parting—mother and son, husbands and wives;
And a loud cry rose from that desolate shore.
For the loved and lost, who would come—nevermore.

Just so the bark of our hopes is wrecked;
While we keep our faces with smiles bedecked;
We dare not cry out with passionate moan,
All joy has departed and left us alone.
The bark of our hopes, for the sake of our friends,
Is storn; and to the cold world never unbends;
So, with smiles and songs, and gay repartee,
The observer, the outside only can see;
But in the silence and solitude of our own room,
We mourn the frail bark that met such a doom.

Lizzie's Sacrifice.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

The soft September sunshine was not brighter than pretty Lizzie Mathews' eyes as she tripped up Chestnut street in her tasty walking-dress, only the day before Mrs. Gregory's great party.

And, tucked snugly in Lizzie's pocket, was a little purse containing a crisp new fifty-dollar bill, which was to buy the prettiest dress Lizzie could afford, for that very party; so no wonder her sweet face was so bright: a new dress will brighten a woman's face almost any time, you know.

Just as she tripped across Eighth street, Lizzie saw something which made her cheeks brighter yet, for she met the tall form of Dr. Harry Clark, and got a smile and a bow as he passed her, and if her girl's heart beat a little quicker under her trim bodice, I don't know that it was anybody's business, for Dr. Clark was—well, he was a good friend of Lizzie's, and sometimes—well, some day he might be more, you know.

Lizzie meant to go to Levy's—that was the best store for silks, and here she was, right at the very place. She stopped a moment to look at a blue silk temptingly draped in the show-window, with a gleam of morning sunshine falling full across its gleaming folds.

"Oh, that beautiful, beautiful blue! That lovely, lovely thing!" cried she, softly, in an ecstasy of delight. "Oh, I do wonder if I can afford that! Yes, there's the price-card: a dollar and a half. Let's see: twenty yards will do—that comes to thirty dollars; ten more will get the trimmings, and the other ten new gloves, and pay Mrs. Crane for the making. Oh, ain't I glad! I'll go right in and get it, for there's nothing prettier in the whole city, I'm sure!"

She turned to go up the steps into the great store, when a light touch fell on her arm, and a small voice said: "Miss Mathews!"

Lizzie looked and recognized the little daughter of the seamstress, Mrs. Crane, who often brought home work for her mother. "Well, Annie, what is it?" said Lizzie, kindly.

"I was going to your house to tell you I can't come to sew to-day, for she is now sick," said the child.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Lizzie. "Is she much sick, Annie?"

"Yes; she hasn't been out of bed since last Sunday."

"Why, who takes care of her?" asked Lizzie.

"Nobody but me, and I can't do much," said little Annie.

"No, I think not!" returned Lizzie. And then her kind little heart prompted her to a sudden resolution. "Annie, I am going to see your mother," she said. "Will you show me the way?"

"Oh, yes! I'll be so glad; but we don't live in a nice street like this, Miss Mathews."

"Never mind; I shall not be afraid," said Lizzie.

But it was quite a new part of the city into which her little guide led her, and she shrank a little from the rough faces she met.

They stopped at a great noisy brick house, and went up several rickety flights of stairs, before they reached the poor, bare room which the widow called her home. Yet, bare as it was, Lizzie's quick eye noticed that it was perfectly clean. The widow was as much surprised as pleased to see her visitor, and answered all her questions in a quiet, ladylike manner.

"You have a good doctor?" said Lizzie. "I have not had any," answered Mrs. Crane.

"Oh, you should have!" cried Lizzie.

"Yes, I know it. But, Miss Mathews, I have not one cent to pay a doctor, and I could not ask one to come."

"But how are you to get along?" asked Lizzie, ready to cry from sympathy.

"I don't know," said the widow, sadly. "When I am well, I can make enough to pay our rent and provide for Annie and myself, but now, if I must lie here long, I don't know what we shall do."

"Have you any money?" asked Lizzie, suddenly.

"Not now. I had to pay our room-rent yesterday, and it took all I had."

"What have you had to eat to-day?" asked Lizzie, in the same abrupt manner.

"There was some bread left—and that was all," said Mrs. Crane, turning away her face.

"Well," said Lizzie, rising from her seat and speaking with a look of determination, "I'm not going to have this state of things. I came here to help you, Mrs. Crane, and you must let me do it. I may need it some day myself, you know."

She took her purse from her pocket and was about to put its contents into Mrs. Crane's hand, when she took a second thought. "I had better spend part of this for you, myself," she said; "the shopkeepers will do better by me than they will by Annie. I'll get some things you need, and then I'll come back. And I know a good doctor who will come to see you, and I'm going to bring him."

So, without waiting for the poor woman's thanks, she hurried down the stairs into the street. She went first to a grocer's and ordered a generous supply of tea, sugar, rice, butter, and other things needed for comfort. Then she purchased some grapes, oranges, and a bottle of wine, and ordered them sent home.

And then she turned her steps toward the office of her father's old family physician, Doctor Bryant. She had gone half the distance, when she remembered that Dr. Bryant was out of town, and would be for some weeks.

"Now, what shall I do?" said she to herself. "It's only a few steps to Dr. Clark's office, but I don't like to go there. Yes, I will, too; and if he is the man I think him, he will go. If he doesn't—well, he will lose one friend, that's all."

She quickened her pace, and with a beaming heart entered Dr. Clark's little office. He was there, and rose in great surprise, the color coming into his own fine face, to greet his visitor.

Lizzie told her errand, and said as she finished:

"She is very poor, and it is a poor place; I don't expect she will be able to pay you, but—"

"But she is human and must be cared for," finished the doctor. "You shall pilot me, Mrs. Lizzie, and I will go at once."

And so the next thing little Lizzie knew she was walking back to Mrs. Crane's, with her hand on Doctor Clark's arm. When they arrived there, she quietly put the money left from her purchase into Mrs. Crane's hand, telling her to use it as she needed it, and made her escape as quickly as she could, promising to come again.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, she went, and, strange to say, found Dr. Clark making another visit also. Mrs. Crane was better, and had a woman from the floor below to stay with her. So, finding she could be of no use, Lizzie made a very short call. But before she was fairly down the stairs, Dr. Clark joined her, and as they went out together, he asked Lizzie if he might call for her to go to Mrs. Gre-

gory's.

"I am not going," said Lizzie, quietly.

"Not going? You said you would go, Tuesday evening?"

"Well, I meant to then," said Lizzie, half-laughing, "but the truth is, Dr. Clark, I am like poor Flora McFlimsey, I absolutely have nothing to wear!" And seeing the doctor's puzzled look, she added: "Papa gave me fifty dollars yesterday to buy a dress, but I used it for other things, and I did not like to ask him for more so soon. And Mrs. Gregory would never forgive me if I wore an old dress, so I concluded not to go."

"Ah!" remarked the doctor, and if Lizzie had watched him closely she could have seen a light break over his face during her last sentence. And if she had heard what Mrs. Crane had been telling the doctor before she came in to call, she would have known just what it meant.

"Well," said Doctor Clark, "ladies must have their own way, I suppose. But I shall not agree with Mrs. Gregory, for I should be as glad to see you in an old dress as a new one. I shall not go to the party unless you do. May I come and spend the evening with you?"

"Yes, if my society can make up for all the gay company you would meet there, you may," said Lizzie.

"Your society could make up for all the world besides, and I shall come," said the doctor, as he left her at her own door. And notwithstanding that the lovely blue silk dress gleamed in Levy's window, Lizzie went in with a happy heart beating in her tender bosom.

Dr. Clark made his appearance at an early hour, and they had a nice evening together. But I don't intend to tell you all they said.

But this much I may tell, that just before they parted, Dr. Clark took Lizzie tenderly in his strong arms, and said, gently:

"I loved you before, my own darling, and when I knew what a true, generous, womanly heart you had, I could not help telling you. If love can make up for your sacrifice, dearest—"

"Hush!" whispered Lizzie. "There is none, for it is made up ten thousandfold now."

And then the doctor—well, the doctor did just what I expect you would have done, my dear reader, if you had been in his place, and that's all I need tell you about it.

"Well, Annie, what is it?" said Lizzie, kindly.

"I was going to your house to tell you I can't come to sew to-day, for she is now sick," said the child.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Lizzie. "Is she much sick, Annie?"

"Yes; she hasn't been out of bed since last Sunday."

"Why, who takes care of her?" asked Lizzie.

"Nobody but me, and I can't do much," said little Annie.

"No, I think not!" returned Lizzie. And then her kind little heart prompted her to a sudden resolution. "Annie, I am going to see your mother," she said. "Will you show me the way?"

"Oh, yes! I'll be so glad; but we don't live in a nice street like this, Miss Mathews."

"Never mind; I shall not be afraid," said Lizzie.

But it was quite a new part of the city into which her little guide led her, and she shrank a little from the rough faces she met.

They stopped at a great noisy brick house, and went up several rickety flights of stairs, before they reached the poor, bare room which the widow called her home. Yet, bare as it was, Lizzie's quick eye noticed that it was perfectly clean. The widow was as much surprised as pleased to see her visitor, and answered all her questions in a quiet, ladylike manner.

"You have a good doctor?" said Lizzie. "I have not had any," answered Mrs. Crane.

"Oh, you should have!" cried Lizzie.

"Yes, I know it. But, Miss Mathews, I have not one cent to pay a doctor, and I could not ask one to come."

"But how are you to get along?" asked Lizzie, ready to cry from sympathy.

"I don't know," said the widow, sadly. "When I am well, I can make enough to pay our rent and provide for Annie and myself, but now, if I must lie here long, I don't know what we shall do."

"Have you any money?" asked Lizzie, suddenly.

"Not now. I had to pay our room-rent yesterday, and it took all I had."

"What have you had to eat to-day?" asked Lizzie, in the same abrupt manner.

"There was some bread left—and that was all," said Mrs. Crane, turning away her face.

"Well," said Lizzie, rising from her seat and speaking with a look of determination, "I'm not going to have this state of things. I came here to help you, Mrs. Crane, and you must let me do it. I may need it some day myself, you know."

She took her purse from her pocket and was about to put its contents into Mrs. Crane's hand, when she took a second thought. "I had better spend part of this for you, myself," she said; "the shopkeepers will do better by me than they will by Annie. I'll get some things you need, and then I'll come back. And I know a good doctor who will come to see you, and I'm going to bring him."

So, without waiting for the poor woman's thanks, she hurried down the stairs into the street. She went first to a grocer's and ordered a generous supply of tea, sugar, rice, butter, and other things needed for comfort. Then she purchased some grapes, oranges, and a bottle of wine, and ordered them sent home.

And then she turned her steps toward the office of her father's old family physician, Doctor Bryant. She had gone half the distance, when she remembered that Dr. Bryant was out of town, and would be for some weeks.

"Now, what shall I do?" said she to herself. "It's only a few steps to Dr. Clark's office, but I don't like to go there. Yes, I will, too; and if he is the man I think him, he will go. If he doesn't—well, he will lose one friend, that's all."

She quickened her pace, and with a beaming heart entered Dr. Clark's little office. He was there, and rose in great surprise, the color coming into his own fine face, to greet his visitor.

Lizzie told her errand, and said as she finished:

"She is very poor, and it is a poor place; I don't expect she will be able to pay you, but—"

"But she is human and must be cared for," finished the doctor. "You shall pilot me, Mrs. Lizzie, and I will go at once."

And so the next thing little Lizzie knew she was walking back to Mrs. Crane's, with her hand on Doctor Clark's arm. When they arrived there, she quietly put the money left from her purchase into Mrs. Crane's hand, telling her to use it as she needed it, and made her escape as quickly as she could, promising to come again.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, she went, and, strange to say, found Dr. Clark making another visit also. Mrs. Crane was better, and had a woman from the floor below to stay with her. So, finding she could be of no use, Lizzie made a very short call. But before she was fairly down the stairs, Dr. Clark joined her, and as they went out together, he asked Lizzie if he might call for her to go to Mrs. Gre-

gory's.

"I am not going," said Lizzie, quietly.

"Not going? You said you would go, Tuesday evening?"

"Well, I meant to then," said Lizzie, half-laughing, "but the truth is, Dr. Clark, I am like poor Flora McFlimsey, I absolutely have nothing to wear!" And seeing the doctor's puzzled look, she added: "Papa gave me fifty dollars yesterday to buy a dress, but I used it for other things, and I did not like to ask him for more so soon. And Mrs. Gregory would never forgive me if I wore an old dress, so I concluded not to go."

"Ah!" remarked the doctor, and if Lizzie had watched him closely she could have seen a light break over his face during her last sentence. And if she had heard what Mrs. Crane had been telling the doctor before she came in to call, she would have known just what it meant.

"I do not know, madam."

"No lying. Did he not send you?"

"No, madam, he did not. I have left his service, if you may call it so."

"Aha! He has turned you adrift!"

"I left him because I did not like his practices."

"What practices?"

"He is an adept in witchcraft."

"Pshaw! Do you expect me to believe in such stuff as that?"

"It is generally believed that he dabbles in the black art. You yourself have seen, madam, something of his work."

"With your help. Come; you need not try games of that sort with me. What is it you want?"

"I want," replied Ulric, coming nearer, "your help to punish him."

"What has he done to you?"

"He is my enemy," was the evasive answer.

"And he is yours?"

"Mine? Why should you think so?"

"I have heard him say he meant to ruin you."

"If he could."

"And you are in his power; you can not deny it."

Olivia's dark eyes flashed.

"How is that, I pray you?"

"Suppose we were to give information of what happened the night of your first visit to him! Suspicion would be attached to you. And suppose he disclosed the fact that you had snatched him kidnapped and carried off, lest he should discover your nefarious plans?"</

leaves and sending them down in a shower, had a lulling melody.

The young man spread his cloak on the ground, for the girl, and took down a basket fastened to his saddle-girth, which contained a store of sandwiches and wheaten biscuits, with a bottle of wine. A merry meal it was, enlivened by the gay spirits of youth, health and contentment, with the delicious exhilaration of unspoken love. Yes! the two young hearts beat warmly for each other, though one was as yet unconscious of the cause of a deep happiness never felt before.

Much invigorated by the rest, Helen was assisted to her saddle; Walter sprung to his, and their journey was resumed.

The country grew wilder as they passed on, yet it was exceedingly picturesque. Helen had never so enjoyed a ride. When they reached an elevation, she sportively proposed a race for the next mile or so.

Without responding to her challenge, the young man raised his hand to stop her from touching her horse to urge him forward. Then he pressed close to her side, and whispered:

"Keep quiet, and do not be frightened. There are horsemen ahead, and I think they are the same we saw last evening."

Some distance before them, a party seemed to issue from the wood. There were four or five mounted men, and they came at pretty good speed toward them. Helen trembled violently, and caught Walter's arm. Both drew their horses little out of the road to let the new-comers pass.

Shouting and laughing, they came briskly on. One of them, with a sweeping bow, so low as to show it was in mockery, lifted his cap to Helen, and she recognized him for the Mexican who had spoken to her on the *azotea*. Her breath fairly stopped with fear, till after they had passed.

She uttered an exclamation of joy that the danger was over, and turned to her companion to ask if they should ride on.

Just then came the report of a pistol, and Walter staggered in his seat, and clutched at the rein convulsively.

The girl screamed loudly in her terror.

"It is nothing!" said Walter; "the bullet grazed my head; that is all. Ride on, Helen; I will go back to deal with this miscreant."

He wheeled his horse round, and dashed toward one of the horsemen, who he saw was preparing to fire on him again.

In a moment they were engaged in a close and deadly conflict. The youth drew his revolver and struck the lifted weapon out of his cowardly assailant's hand. The man retreated, and Walter rode after him, calling to him to stand and fight if he were not a pitiful coward.

Helen's horse, startled at the report, had sprung forward, and her utmost strength was insufficient to restrain him, or to turn his course. He flew onward like the wind. The poor girl lost all presence of mind, and could only cling convulsively to the saddle to save herself from being thrown to the ground.

Suddenly a powerful hand caught the bridle and instantly checked the animal, bringing him on his haunches. The girl was swinging from her seat, but was caught in some one's arms and held forcibly, while she felt the horse under her spring forward in swift and headlong flight.

The shock and the rapid motion dizzied her; she could not utter a cry; she closed her eyes, almost swooning, and only the swift rush of air kept her from losing her senses.

Some one had saved her from being thrown, and was carrying her on. She could not see; so closely was she held to the rider's breast. Presently he lifted her to a seat on the pommel of his saddle, still keeping his arm round her.

"Walter! Mr. Ormsley!" she cried, and struggled to free herself, or to lift up her head.

"Be still," whispered the man who held her.

"You are safe enough."

"But Walter! Where is he?"

"Just behind us. He is safe, too," answered the rider, urging his horse onward.

Helen closed her eyes. She was utterly bewildered.

Then she knew they had turned in another direction. The air blew chill upon her. Again she strove to lift her head.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"All right; you are going on. Your friend is following us. Keep still, or you will fall and hurt yourself."

"I want to see Walter."

"You will place him in danger as well as yourself, if you make a noise," whispered the voice. "You shall see him when we come to a safe stopping-place."

The girl comprehended that both had been saved from some danger. It must have been from the horsemen, one of whom had fired on him. She shuddered, but she could do nothing. She was held so she could not look into her captor's face.

The air grew more chill. At length she managed to turn her head a little and pull the scarf from her face, so that she could see where they were going.

"A broad lake lay before them!"

"Where are we?" she cried, affrighted. "This is not our way! This is wrong. Why have you brought me here?"

The man made no answer. Then she heard the trampling of several horses close to them, and a new fear seized her.

"Let me go! Put me down!" she shrieked. And she struggled wildly for release.

The horses swept around the curve of a road, and she saw a gloomy-looking stone building, that stood just on the borders of the water. Loft, dark and frowning, it loomed on the sight like a prison; its walls gray and grimy with age; its stones green with damp vegetation.

The rider still held the girl fast, though she had slipped from her seat, and her feet hung down. Then the horse was stopped, and a cloak was flung over her head.

Some one lifted her down, and she felt herself carried by two persons. She could neither see nor speak. She felt by the closeness of the air that she was taken into the building.

She was placed on a seat, and her captors retired. She heard the door shut after them. Then she tore the cloak from her head, and stood up.

She was in a spacious room, wainscoted, and dark with age. The furniture was heavy and covered with dust. There was a table with several chairs and two sofas, covered with soiled leather. The floor was bare, except a small, square bit of carpet in the center of the apartment.

Helen rushed to the windows. They were glazed and covered with dust. She could only see the outline of woods at a distance. The door was locked.

Then the poor girl knew that she had been waylaid by enemies and carried off from her companion and protector. The men who had passed them must have had a deliberate purpose to capture her, and perhaps to kill him!

The thought was like a dagger plunged into her heart. Walter slain for her sake!

She burst into passionate shrieks of anguish. These were succeeded by sobs that seemed to rend her bosom. Exhausted at length, she sank on the floor, and wished and prayed that she might die.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 152.)

TO A FRIEND.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

You tell me they call me a poet;
And say that my gift is divine;
Indeed if I am, I don't know it—
I've little to do with the Nine."

If I sing it is only for pleasure,
And not for money, or for rhyme—
I don't care for time or for measure—
I don't know a thing about time!

But when I am shadowed with sadness,
My soul finds a solace in song—
And when sorrow is turned into gladness,
The strains of themselves, flow along.

And so if you call me a poet,
(I'm sure that I'd like to be one),
But indeed if I am I don't know it—
For I only keep singing for fun.

Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW; OR, The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DENIM," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPIN," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "A STRANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHINESE CAMP.

The Chinese Camp was situated up the Wisconsin river, some three miles from Humbug Bar.

The Camp had originally been known as "Murphy's Strike," and at one time bid fair to be the richest "lead" struck in Montana for years. But, to the astonishment of Murphy and his partners—about a dozen were with Murphy—the "pay-dirt" suddenly "petered" out, and in a short time the mine ceased to pay its running expenses.

Then Mr. Murphy and his crowd "got up and dusted" to describe the operation they performed in mining parlance, and the mine was left to take care of itself; until, at last, a crowd of almond-eyed Celestials took possession of the deserted Camp, and, as is usually the case, succeeded in extracting sufficient gold from the ore to pay them for working the mine.

Thirty days after they had taken possession, "Murphy's Strike" was among the things of the past, and the "Chinese Camp" took its place.

Naturally, the fact that the "heathen Chinaman" had succeeded in making a mine pay that the pure-blooded native Americans (from the cove of Cork) had "slipped up on"—mining parlance again—was not altogether agreeable to the neighboring miners as a general thing, and more than one rough-bearded, red-shirted fellow, elegantly perfumed (whisky and plug tobacco commingled) had suggested that the "durned heathens ought to be cleaned out," but the better portion of the community had frowned on the idea.

But, the moment the fact that the Celestials had started a bank at the Chinese Camp was generally known, the way the hardy miners, the moment the day's toll was done, started for that bank was a caution.

One and all declared that it was a disgrace to the valley for the heathens to run a bank, and they'd bust it or perish in the attempt.

It was the old legend that the emigrant painted upon his wagon-cover, "Pike's Peak or bust!" and like that unfortunate "pilgrim" on their return, a single word told the story—"Busted!"

The bank had only run three nights, but the current of luck had been steadfast to the fortunes of the Celestials. Many a swaggering miner had carried a little buck-skin bag, swelled with yellow dust almost to bursting, into the Chinese shanty, and, an hour or so afterward, had returned with that buck-skin bag so lean and thin that the contents wouldn't have bought a box of caps.

Doc Kidder lummed an operatic air to himself as he walked, with a light, springy step, up the bank of the river toward the Chinese Camp. Kidder was wonderfully young for a man of his age; time had dealt lightly with him; he never got excited, and an even temper is a wonderful preventative against age.

As he walked on, his mind continually reverted to the fortune-teller. That young woman had made a most decided impression upon the cold, passionless gambler.

Kidder was just a little given to superstition though, and that fact fully accounted for the impression that the words of the oracle of fortune had made upon him.

But Kidder had fully made up his mind to test the truth of the fortune-teller's warning by "going" for the *monte* bank.

The Chinese Camp consisted of one large shanty, one small one and three caves, hollowed out in the side of the hill wherein the mine was located. Twenty mid-faced, almond-eyed Celestials were the inhabitants of the place.

In the large shanty the *monte* bank was located.

As Kidder approached, he met Johnny Bird coming from the shanty.

Kidder noticed that the "gay young rooster from the Geyser Spring" did not look as cheerful and as light-hearted as usual.

"What luck, Johnny?" Kidder asked.

"They've bu'sted me, Doc, for sure," Johnny replied.

"Anybody winnin'?"

"Nary time," responded Johnny, tersely. "I tell yer, it's a grizzly, claws and all! If you don't believe me, jest go in and try. If they don't skin you, then you kin jest take my head and bil it for a cabbage!" And then Johnny went on in the darkness.

Kidder entered the shanty. The game was going on briskly as he appeared upon the scene. Two flour barrels, supporting a broken door, served for a table. Upon it the lay-out was spread.

There was quite a number present representing the Bar, and to their credit, be it said, they were losing their gold-dust freely, and in off-hand and reckless manner.

As Kidder afterward expressed it, it did him good to "see the boys from the Bar keep their dust up so well, and sock down their gold-dust in so needless a way as to make the sharps from Get-up Gulch and Poor-shoot City turn pale with envy."

"It's fire and fall back," said a big fellow, in a blue flannel shirt, to Kidder, as he retired from the game, broke.

Nothing daunted, Kidder went at it. There was a yell of salutation from the "boys" as Kidder "tackled" the "animal."

Doc was well known for forty miles around, and as he was reputed to be, the luckiest men in that ever-tempted fortune at a game of cards in the Wisdom valley, there was a general exclamation of delight when he went into the game.

The fact was, the "boys" were a good deal more than the way things had been running at Chinese Camp. Either there was cheating round the board, or the Celestials were having an enormous run of luck. Of course, if any cheating had been discovered, the settlement of Chinese Camp would have been cleaned out in

"two jumps of a flea!" as Jim Turner—one of the prominent men for Get-up Gulch—had remarked. But the closest watch had not been able to detect a sign of foul play as yet. But, when Kidder "squared himself and bucked the bank," lively times were anticipated.

"How y' do, John?" Kidder said, as he tossed a silver-piece on the board.

"How y' do, Mellican man?" the Celestial replied, with a smile that was calm and gentle, and then, in a minute more, he raked in Kidder's dollar.

It was only a dollar, but the spirits of the "boys" from Humbug Bar went down below zero. They had confidently expected to see Kidder beat the bank from the jump; and then, too, the fellows from the "Gulch" and the "City" indulged in scornful remarks regarding the "pride" of the Bar, and were only silenced by Kidder observing, quietly, "that if any gentleman in the room thought that he could flax him in a little game of draw-poker, he was their man and that it took money to buy land."

"I've seen him!" cried York, hurriedly, as the two others came up to him.

"Who?" Kangaroo asked in astonishment.

"Dick Talbot!"

The name he uttered affected the other two men fully as much as York's meeting Talbot face to face.

"I've seen him!" Kangaroo growled in anger.

"I thought the curs was dead," Rakensack observed.

"I had hoped so," York said, his brow gloomy, and his face furrowed by the lines of thought.

"He must have as many lives as a cat," Kangaroo added.

"I can not understand it," York muttered, thoughtfully.

"Understand what?" asked Rakensack, over-hearing the muttered words of the other.

"Why, how this man lives," he replied.

"Let us waylay him as he leaves the Camp to-night, and knock him in the head," Kangaroo suggested.

"That will be our best course," York replied,

"as we can only succeed in doing so."

"Oh, that will be easy enough!" Rakensack cried, confidently.

"It may not be as easy as you think," York thought.

"Why, do you think that he recognized you?" Kangaroo asked, annoyed.

"No; I do not think that he did," York replied. "I've been changed a great deal since he has seen me. He did not seem to notice me at all."

"Where is he, anyway?" Rakensack asked.

"Yonder; his back is to us now."

The three had drawn out of the crowd, and were apart from all the others in the room, in one corner of the shanty.

"Next to the Indian?" Rakensack asked, as he looked in the direction indicated.

"Yes."

And then, to the astonishment of the three, they saw that Talbot and the Indian were evidently companions.

"That knocks our little game in the head," Kangaroo observed; "he and the red-skin are side-partners. We might flax out one man, but two on 'em would be mighty apt to trouble us."

"Them Injuns fight like blazes, sometimes, too," Rakensack mused.

"We'll attend to our other work, first, and then fix him," York observed, and his brow was dark and gloomy as he looked upon his foe.

"Twice he has escaped me, but the third time, I'll swear, I'll have him. He's had the devil's own luck so far."

"Who are you?"
"My name is Zerline Nanez."
"Then I do not know you."
"But I have business with you."
"Well?"

"Would you like to know who poisoned Florose Earncilfe?"

"Ha!"

"Ah! you will listen now?"

"How do you know that she was poisoned?"

"Some other time I will tell you. We have mutual interests, Dwyer Allison; or, at least, they can be made so. I have a deep wrong to avenge—so have you. My enemy is a man—yours is a woman. If you will take my task, I will take yours; it will be man to man, and woman to woman. You loved Florose Earncilfe. If I show you her poisoner, and swear to haunt that poisoner with threatenings of justice, will you swear to act the same toward the murderer of my husband?"

"Woman?"

"Be quick, sir! Is it a bargain?"

"It is! I will swear to aid you in any vengeance of your own, if you can prove to me that Florose was poisoned, and show me!"

"Enough. You are a man of honor, and I take our compact as sealed. The murderer of Florose Earncilfe lives there!" She pointed to the house of Helene Cercy.

"WHAT?"

"It is true—and I will prove it. Helene Cercy is the murderer of your betrothed. Now, come with me, I will tell you more of myself. You see this?—it was done by the dagger that destroyed the life of my husband!"

Dwyer Allison, almost involuntarily, went with her. He yielded to an inexplicable prompting.

And as they moved away, and she uttered the closing words of her speech, she threw aside a portion of her hood—discovering a red, frightened gash across the neck, that told of a fierce knife-cut.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARREST.

"MALEDICTION!"

The exclamation was a growl, direfully deep; the voice was that of Cortez Mendoza.

The young Spaniard was hurrying along Perdido street, having just left the American Theater.

Exactly two weeks had passed since Cortez escaped the claws of the beautiful tigress—since Helene Cercy's whispered conversation with her ruffian tool, in the tapestried room—since Dwyer Allison's rejection of the passionate beauty's love, and his encounter with the mysterious figure—who called herself Zerline Nanez—on the pavement before Helene's house.

The night was a dark one, with gusty wind and murky atmosphere. Banks of clouds rolled heavily across the sky; and occasionally the moon, which struggled behind its watery shroud, would break the gloomy airs by darting a momentary gleam between the mists.

Cortez Mendoza was walking fast, to reach his home before the fall of the rain.

Behind him, shadowy, spectral, ghostly, came a tall form dogging at his heels—a man who seemed determined to keep him in sight, and whose persistency called forth the exclamation:

"Malediction!"

It was not the simple fact of his being followed on this occasion that made young Cortez growl. For ten days, he had noticed that, wherever he went, there was a tall man in pursuit of him—always at a certain distance, always watching him; and while it annoyed him, it made him angry.

At one time, this individual who haunted him was in the character of a fruit-vender; next it was in the garb of a common laborer; then in the dress of a fashionable Englishman; finally—and on this night—as a Spanish dare-devil, with curling mustache, browned features, and piercing eyes.

But Cortez knew the form, in any guise. He knew that this party was keeping him under surveillance. He had sat near him at the theater; he had elbowed close, in the crowd, after the performance.

Now, as he strode along Perdido street, he chanced to glance over his shoulder, and perceived, immediately, that the tall figure was there, timing his footsteps, dogging him as usual; and he blurted, snarlingly:

"Malediction! Who is this? What is he after? I am tired of his presence! I must be rid of him, for he makes me nervous. *Caramba!*—you owl, I'll teach you some manners." With the words, he glided suddenly into a black alley, and stood close to the wall, waiting the other's approach.

And while he waited, he drew a knife from his bosom.

The tall form came on at increased speed, fearing he had lost the object of pursuit. As he wheeled around the corner of the alley, the hand of Cortez Mendoza clutched his throat.

"*Caramba!* you dog. Now I have you!"

Not another word passed.

A fierce struggle ensued.

The bright blade of the knife circled in the air; there was a low groan, and a body sunk down in the darkness.

"God help me!" was all the tall form uttered.

"Now then! Malediction!"

Cortez, with a grim smile, continued on his way, gritting his teeth in satisfaction.

Soon he reached his father's shop.

Entering by the side passage, he found old Carlos in the rear room.

But he paused and looked in astonishment.

The Quack was walking to and fro, muttering, moaning; and at sight of his son, he uttered a sharp, whining cry that was enigmatic.

"My boy! my boy! Oh! oh!"

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Oh, Cortez! my dear Cortez! We are ruined."

"Ruined? *Caramba!* what do you mean by that?"

"Fly! Fly for your life! We are ruined!"

"Fly! What has happened? Malediction! I was just thinking of doing that. I have killed a man to-night—a fool that has been tripping after me, like a shadow, for ten days past. As we struggled, one of his fingers gouged my mouth, and I wrench off this ring with my teeth; and he tossed a ring on the table, as he spoke."

Cortez did not take any notice of the ring. And Cortez added:

"Tell me what has happened?"

"Oh! oh! we are lost—you are lost! Read that, Cortez!"

He handed his son a letter-sheet; and as Cortez viewed it, he muttered, half aloud, in some curiosity:

"What's this? Who can be writing letters that throw the old man into fits, and make his tongue wag like a fool's? And they use green ink. Ho! that's odd—green ink. Now, what do they say?"

But he interrupted himself by venting a half-howl.

The note was for Cortez Mendoza, and it ran as follows:

"Murderer of Wart Gomez!—beware! Justice is on your track!—you are not so safe as you suppose yourself to be. You may fly from ocean to

ocean, or north, or south; but the curse of your deeds shall follow you swiftly, and the Green Shadow will haunt you to the grave!"

"Malediction!" he roared. "What is the Green Shadow?—here is green ink! Where did you get this?" turning to his excited father.

"I came in an hour ago, and as I came in, I passed a man on the pavement, who wore a green mask over his features—a very small man."

"A small man!" echoed Cortez Mendoza, staring.

"Entering this room, I found the note there, on the table, lying open. Fly, Cortez!—fly! All is lost!—we are ruined!"

"Lucky of Perdition!—I will fly! I have no time to lose! What I feared has happened. The law is after me—and I am an innocent man!"

He turned to rush out at the door; when that door flew open, and he was confronted by three stern-faced men.

He halted and gaped, with starting eyes.

Old Carlos fairly shrank in dismay.

"We are lost! we are lost!" screamed the Quack.

"Malediction! Silence, old man," and, to the corners: "What do you want here?"

"We want Cortez Mendoza," answered the foremost, exhibiting a pair of handcuffs.

"Ho! you want me? For what, now?"

"Oh! Oh!" groaned Carlos, who saw that the intruders were of the police force.

"We want Cortez Mendoza, on the charge of murder."

"Murder!"

"The abduction and murder of Carline Mendoza."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Carlos.

"Furies devour Carline Mendoza!" bellowed Cortez.

"Come!"

"I am innocent! If you want me—then take me!"

He whipped out his knife, and made a desperate plunge forward.

But, the three men quickly disarmed him, and slipped the "bracelets" on his wrists.

"You shall sweat for this!—dogs!" he hissed, as they held him firmly; and the threat issued venomously from between the teeth he gnashed in his rage.

Old Carlos was completely overcome. He sunk into a chair, rocked his shivered body backward and forward, moaned wailfully, and cried aloud his son's innocence.

"Bear up there, old man!" snarled Cortez.

"Malediction! You are making an ass of yourself! I did not kill, nor touch at all, this terrible Mendoza—curse her! And I will prove it."

They forced the prisoner away, and left old Carlos bewailing the unlucky situation.

"Master, did you see this ring?"

The Quack started, for he thought he was alone.

Farak, the negro, was standing beside him, holding and examining the ring which Cortez had thrown on the table.

"No!" he snapped; "nor do I care to see it at all."

"There is a name in it," said the negro.

"Curse the name!—curse the name! But, what is it?"

"Dwyer Allison."

"Ho! the man Cortez says he killed! The hero of the dead Florose! But—*caramba!*—I don't care for that. Oh! Oh! they've taken my Cortez—my dear boy! They will hang him! How sad to see him with a rope around his neck! Oh! Farak—Farak—what an ungrateful world!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TIGRESS AGAIN.

But, Cortez Mendoza was too sanguine. Moreover, he did not know that he was the victim of a well-laid plot to encompass his destruction.

And the movers in the plot worked admirably in concert, as will be seen.

We have heard Cortez Mendoza declare that he did not kill Wart Gomez, and that he did not touch Carline Mendoza—or Carline Gomez—in any way.

Whether it was or was not Cortez who entered the house of Gomez, and perpetrated the bloody deed, at all events, he was soon compelled to realize that he was in a fearful predicament.

At a preliminary trial, two days after his imprisonment, he was overwhelmed with astonishment when a rough, uncouth, bristling-bearded man took the stand, and gave the following testimony:

"I know Cortez Mendoza well!"

"Liar! We never met before!" shouted Cortez.

"I know that he once had a sweetheart, whose name was Carline Mendoza. She deserted him, and married a man named Wart Gomez—the man who was murdered the very night of the abduction and murder of his wife, this same Carline. Cortez Mendoza, mad and wild, swore to wreak vengeance on Carline Mendoza, as Carline Gomez—had once been his sweetheart."

"How do you know he swore this?" was the immediate question put to the witness.

"I heard him!"

"Liar again!" interrupted Cortez, red with rage, and lost in amazement.

"Where did you hear him swear it?—under what circumstances?"

"At a wine-shop," replied the witness. "He was in liquor, and boasted to some of his companions that Carline Mendoza—he called her Carline Mendoza—had once been his sweetheart."

There was a faint buzz among lookers-on. Several were present who had, themselves, heard Cortez Mendoza say that.

But, just then, no one reflected that it might be possible this witness only repeated what he had read in the newspapers, which, recently, contained a full account of the affair between one Cortez Mendoza and one Wart Gomez.

"But, you said he swore to wreak vengeance on Carline Mendoza—or, Carline Gomez, as she then was."

"That was afterward, when he turned away from his companions. He said it in an undertone, but, I heard him."

"The man lies!" broke in Cortez, foaming with passion. "I did not swear, nor think of wreaking vengeance on Carline Mendoza—or Carline Gomez, as she then was, nor upon anybody else. All lies!—black lies! Malediction!"

"The prisoner will remain quiet!" thundered the official. "Now, witness, what more?"

"No more that I can remember."

"Recollect you are giving this valuable evidence under solemn oath."

The man raised the Bible to his lips, as he had done when he took the stand.

"He is a perjuror!" exclaimed the Spaniard.

The second witness was called, duly sworn, and testified as follows:

"Know Cortez Mendoza well!"

"Another liar! *Caramba!*" sounded boisterously from the box.

Cortez would not be quieted.

Saw Cortez Mendoza at a gambling den, in the early evening of the night on which Carline Gomez disappeared. He was conversing with a

villainous-looking fellow, who wore a slouch hat, had a bad name, and was known to carry a dagger. Heard one say: "If Carline Mendoza interferes too much, I will give her the knife! Could not see which one used the words, but believe the voice was that of Cortez Mendoza."

"Malediction!" thought Cortez, "they are weaving a web of blood around me! I shall swing if this goes on! *Caramba!*"

Where is the party who received at the hands of the Chief of Police a warrant for the arrest of Cortez Mendoza?"

"Present," answered a prompt voice.

There was a slight stir near the door, and a young man came forward.

He was dressed fashionably; had short hair that curled in crisp ringlets over an uncommonly pure brow. His eyes were dark and flashing; his lips were ripe and red as a woman's; and lie twirled, as if from habit, the ends of a silken mustache, which was, truly, the only masculine feature in his general appearance.

Cortez riveted his gaze upon him. There was something strangely familiar in the face—and when the youth spoke, the gazer started and seemed trying to recall to mind where he had heard the voice.

The name was Gerald Preston.

"You will state what you know about this case?"—after the due form and ceremony.

"I know this Mendoza well!"

"*Caramba!* what a horde of acquaintances!"

Cortez muttered, as he began to turn and squirm restlessly in his box.

"He is a cheater at cards

PERSEVERANCE, OR THE CLIMBING SPIDER.

JINGLED BY JOE JOT, JR.

Once on a time a spider tried
To climb a slippery wall.
He got about a foot or two,
And then he got—a fall.
He rubbed himself and got up slow,
And said, "Well, how is this for low!"

He spit upon his hands and said,
"I'll climb that wall or burst."
He then dis-toes in and reached
The wall, and then he got
Then fell again, and with a sigh
Said, "This is very bad for high!"

He called to someone above
To let him down to me,
But there was no one answer there
To give him any hope;
So he got up again quite pale,
And went looking for a rail.

He wished to lean it 'gainst the wall
With one end on the ground,
And then go up it like a coon—
But oh, no rail was found!
It seems I can't climb as I used,
There's no one here to give me a "boost!"

He growled that he was tired of this,
Got mad and turned quite brown,
He stepped in his own tail,
Went up—and tumbled down.
He said, "Who perceives oft wins,"
And put court-plaster on his shins.

Eight times did he essay to climb
This mean and slippery wall,
And each time he got almost up
Before he got a fall.
Losing about a half a day,
And got no further on his way.

Grown tired of all this useless toil,
Each instant getting lazier,
He got down again because
And came back with a ladder.
And up the rounds he went all right,
And threw his cap up in delight.

And now this story's good to show
It's well to persevere;
But that this spider was a fool,
To all is very clear:

He might have saved full many a wound,
And lots of time, by going around.

Owl's Head.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

II.

A GREAT excitement existed in New York, the day when Major Hargreaves returned to his regiment with a terrible story: that young Norwood had turned out a spy, as he always said he would, had enticed Hargreaves out to the Neutral Ground on pretense of catching a rebel spy, and had then betrayed him into an ambush of Skimmers, from whom the major had escaped by a miracle, after killing two of the enemy, and receiving a severe wound in the head. In testimony to his veracity, he appeared with his head bound up, and proclaimed Norwood a spy and deserter. It was certain that the young captain of loyalist rangers never returned, and Hargreaves' story was believed everywhere for some time.

And then flying rumors began to spread that all was not so true as Hargreaves had reported. First one person and then another whispered that they had heard some one else say that they were informed that the two officers had gone out to fight a duel, in which there had been foul play on the part of the major, who wore concealed armor, and had been beaten over the head with a broken sword.

And the rumor spread, in the mysterious way rumors will, that the major had been recommended to sell out by Sir Henry Clinton.

This, at least, seemed to be unfounded, however, for Major Hargreaves never left the city, except on duty, and became more intimate than ever at the Van Tassels. Miss Gertrude always received him with the utmost cordiality, and listened to the major's arguments for Divine Right with at least patience, while she developed an interest in military movements that Hargreaves was only too happy to satisfy, by telling her all he knew.

And now also began to spread stories of a daring band of rebel rangers, who made excursions up to the very Harlem river and across it, all of whom wore a singular headress, made to resemble that of the great horned owl of Virginia. Who these men were, and from whence came they, no one knew, but all agreed that they were the most formidable of the bands that infested the Neutral Ground.

They harried the Tories unmercifully, attacking Skinner and Cowboy alike, and exterminated one party of the Queen's Rangers sent to operate against them. At last Sir Henry, growing angry, dispatched two squadrons of the latter, and two companies of the 60th foot, to find these villains, and placed the whole body under command of Major Hargreaves.

Three days after this, Sir Henry Clinton, fat, puffy and important, was seated in his private room by the fire, with his hankerchief over his face, taking an after-dinner nap. Sir Henry was in excellent spirits, and felt very comfortable. He had just received news that the Owl's Head robbers had been captured or scattered, and their leader taken. That leader had been found out to be none other than *Bertram Norwood*. Sir Henry felt all the virtuous satisfaction of a good Tory, that here was a justifiable case for hanging a rebel, who was, moreover, a deserter. Full of this virtuous satisfaction and happy dreams, he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a soft tap at the door, and in a moment more he started up and turned round to confront a very handsome and courtly-looking gentleman, splendidly dressed, who advanced smilingly to meet him, saying:

"My dear Sir Henry, I am charmed to see you, indeed. How are you?"

Sir Henry Clinton was a choleric man at best, and to be thus waked out of his nap by his best friend would have "riled" him. As it was, when he realized that the other was an utter stranger to him, and realized, moreover, that he had entered unannounced, leaving the door wide open, when a north-wester was blowing in the streets, Sir Henry's visage turned a deep purple, in which the spots on his usually ruddy complexion burned like fire, while he gasped out:

"Who the devil are you, sir, and where do you come from? Shut that door!"

His last words were bellowed at the top of his voice, as he recovered the breath he had lost in his fury. All the man and Governor, General and baronet, were roused in Sir Henry by the intrusion, and he felt as if he were going to have a fit.

The strange gentleman bowed and smiled politely.

"With pleasure, Sir Henry. I'll look it too."

Which he proceeded to do with all the coolness in the world.

Then for the first time Sir Henry Clinton changed his tone. A suspicion aroused his mind that all was not right. This stranger was so cool and unconcerned, he had entered without alarming the servants. He was armed, and Sir Henry had not a weapon in that room. He was used to leave out the soldier as much as possible in the quiet garrison of New York, and the stranger wore the uniform of an English officer.

It was in a tone of less commanding indignation that he said, "Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"I will tell you without unnecessary delay,

Sir Henry," replied the strange officer, calmly. "Please to resume your seat."

As he spoke he drew from his vest pocket a small pistol, which he cocked. Sir Henry sunk into a chair.

"Are you an assassin?" he gasped.

"Not till you oblige me, Sir Henry," said the other, serenely; "but I warn you that this is a hair-trigger."

Clinton shuddered visibly, and the other continued:

"I tell you what I want here, Sir Henry. I want you to sign an order which I will read to you. Does my pistol annoy you? I am sorry, but my own life is worth as much as yours, and depends on keeping you from ringing the bell."

And the stranger smiled pleasantly as he drew forth a paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and read aloud:

"The officer in command of the provost guard, immediately on the receipt of this order, release from confinement Captain Bertram Norwood, supply him with horse and arms, and give him back this order as a pass through the lines on his majesty's secret service."

Sir Henry listened, and burst out:

"Never, sir. The deserter shall hang for a deserter and rebel."

The strange officer laid down the paper, and coolly said:

"You'll sign it at once. His majesty's secret service covers a multitude of sins. If you do not sign at once, I'll kill you and forge your name. I'll give you till I count ten."

Slowly and deliberately the stranger counted nine, when he first raised the pistol and covered the Governor. Sir Henry hopped up like a lark and ran to the table, saying, hurriedly:

"Don't shoot. I'll sign."

And he dashed down his name.

The stranger smiled and rung the bell. When the servant knocked, he said: "If you stir or call out, Sir Henry, you're a dead man. I'll do the talking!"

Then he went to the door and handed the order to the servant, saying: "Quick, to the provost marshal with that. The General and I are busy. Bring back word when the officer has executed the order."

Again he shut and locked the door, and faced Sir Henry, smiling.

He was well aware of their charitable intentions and hopes. Gilderoy Divergne, in whose honor the preparations had been made on an unusually extensive scale, had failed to make his appearance; and at the last moment a note had come down from the city and Miriam, coolly excusing the latter's presence because of the expected presence of this very delinquent owner of Wastewild and all its comfortable apertures.

"I am well aware of your charitable intentions," Miriam wrote. "But, my dear Lola, I am decidedly averse to playing the unconscious decoy or hartering myself for even such a magnificent recompense as Wastewild and the Divergne honors. Do let the returned master tread his own halls without having scars laid for his unwary feet. He can't quite turn you out of house and home, and I am content to let fate mold my future after its own caprice."

Little wonder that Mrs. Divergne was bitterly disappointed. All the air-castles she had so elaborately built went down to ignominious ruin, and left her lacking the heart to attempt their reconstruction.

Her own interests at stake were not so great,

but this was such a desirable prospect for Miriam, and her own intentions in the way of matchmaking, when crowned by the happy result, would have been like repaying the loss her sister had sustained through her.

The story is not without plenty of similar instances to rival it in our day. Lucian Divergne had been an enthusiast, rather wild and reckless, but evidently good-hearted, full of all sorts of improbable notions, but so handsome that the unsophisticated little girl he married worshipped and believed in him with all her heart. He was always engaged in speculations which were sure to net him immense returns, and when one after another came to nothing, there was never any blame attached to himself nor any defect of his judgment; always some unlucky hitch which neither far-seeing wisdom nor carefully-managed circumstance could get over. The inevitable result of these same speculations, however, had been his own bankruptcy and the squandering of his wife's fortune. After that came worse. Miriam's portion had been placed under his control; that followed as a matter of course, and seeing Success, which had been a delusive phantom be-

ing when Gilderoy Divergne came. Who is it this time, Miriam?"

An amused smile accompanied the answer.

"A youth in his teens, very desperate in his first love, and very annoying in his persistency. A clerk in his father's dry-goods store, and his name," the smile breaking into a rippling laugh, "J. Edd Leslie."

"Oh, how sweet!" It was Gracie's voice now, and Gracie's romantic, novel-fed imagination had already woven out the story of the young suitor's love and despair. "What is he like, auntie dear? I shall love him for the sake of his name."

"I don't doubt it, my dear. And he is like the thousand and one young men you may meet on Broadway any day. Tall and slender, with the faintest shadow of a mustache, and long dark hair, parted in the middle—a very pattern of elegance I assure you, who spends his salary of a thousand a year in bouquets and essences and gloves, while his father supplies his maintenance and pays his tailor's bills. A very desirable party, you perceive."

Of course Gracie's sympathies were enlisted in favor of the young clerk, seeing which Miriam dismissed the subject.

"What new fancy have you been indulging, Lola? I thought I heard chimes as I came up the stairs."

"Gracie's notion," answered Mrs. Divergne, languidly. "She picked up acquaintance somewhere with a—really, I don't know what else to call him—a toymaker, quite a genius in his line, very agreeable and useful, though not of our standing, of course. He has a workshop fitted up, and his latest idea was a chapel with chimes—very perfect in miniature. I ordered it for the child's New Year's gift, but the poor fellow was kept so busy it is only just completed now. She will take you to see it presently."

Gracie, all eager impatience, dragged her away at the moment. Standing in the little workroom amid its littered contents, admiring the unique piece of workmanship, Miriam met the fate which had been so long coming to her. Never before in all her twenty-six years of life had she so thrilled under the gaze of a pair of honest, manly eyes, or felt such a shock of pitying tenderness, as when the clever artisan had occasion to cross the floor, and with a deprecating glance, reached down by his side for the

wild and chosen bride of its owner," he added, meeting the surprised glance of her brown eyes.

"Then Lola has stooped to deceit. I shall never be one or the other, Mr. Vernet."

There was oppressive silence for a moment, which his low, thrilling tones broke.

"It seems the night of presumptuous folly to speak of myself, if you have refused that, Miriam. But I love you, and I have not even dared hope for the joy of calling you my wife. I can't ask it now—it would be too great a sacrifice to you."

Nevertheless, before two minutes had passed he had asked it, and Miriam had pledged her hand where her heart had long been given. While they stood in the waning sunshine, blissfully silent in those first moments, there came a sound of steps and voices from the opposite side of the vine-wreathed arch.

"But you were so desperately in love with and Miriam, you know," in Gracie's tones, "and I was sorry for you, and if you weren't serious then—" hesitatingly.

"Don't throw up that folly to me, Gracie. I implore. All a passing fancy, and I knew better soon as I saw you."

Steps and voices grew indistinct.

"Who was that?" asked Vernet, with some interest.

"J. Edd Leslie," answered Miriam, with a smile. "He followed me down here a week ago, with the declared intention of throwing himself off the wharf in case of a second rejection at my hands—and that is the result."

Vernet answered her smile and would have drawn her away, but at the moment the youthful couple turned an angle and came facing the other two in the arbor-walk. The elegant clerk stared a moment and then gave Gracie a surprised glance.

"You didn't tell me your uncle was here," he said. "Glad to see you, Mr. Divergne. Hope I did little business all correct."

Vernet answered Miriam's startled, questioning look when the others had passed.

"He brought down the dispatches from Gilderoy Divergne—my own messenger when I was in the city a week ago. The accident which left me maimed for life made me timid, and I longed so for a true woman's love. I kept the secret from even Lola until an hour ago, but Gracie knew from the first. Don't you understand, dear, that I am Gilderoy Divergne, and you are to be mistress of Wastewild, after all?"

She was, and no less happy for her stately surroundings than if she had wedded in reality the poor crippled toymaker she thought him. The chimes in the miniature steeple rung for their wedding, and from all appearances they will ring again some day to the union of two foolishly fond young hearts—pretty Gracie and her devoted boy-lover.

ALL ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.—I

As this is the season of the year when the canary bird is an especial favorite, and a great many persons are going to purchase one, it may not be inopportune for us to tell our readers something about the pretty pets.

The original canary birds, which came from the Canary Islands, were of a greenish-gray color, much smaller than the present variety, and resembling in appearance the little sparrows which are so numerous in this city. Being easily bred in cages, they have become, by constant cross-breeding, of various shades of color, from light yellow to a grayish brown, and have reached the peculiarities of song which the breed now possesses. They were introduced in Europe in the beginning of the fifteenth century, where they soon became exceedingly popular and great favorites with the people. It is related that the crew of a trading vessel which touched at the Canary Islands in one of its voyages, obtained a number of the native birds of the islands on account of the beautiful notes of song they possessed, but the vessel was wrecked off the coast of the Island of Elba, and the birds escaped to the woods near the shores. They bred rapidly, filling the woods with their species. The wild, sweet notes of the birds attracted the attention of the natives, who hunted them so continually that the breed, as a wild one, soon disappeared. The first tame canaries were raised in Italy; but the business of raising and breeding them soon extended to Germany, which is, at the present time, the principal country in this employment. In the Hartz Mountains they are bred extensively by the peasants, who, in many instances, make the raising of these birds their chief means of subsistence. The greater part of the canaries imported into this country are obtained from this locality, although Holland, Belgium and Saxony furnish a large share. They are not only sent to this country, but are exported to almost every civilized country on the globe. As soon as the birds are large enough to feed themselves, they are placed in large rooms where they can fly about at pleasure. In these rooms there are nightingales, linnets, larks, and perhaps old canaries that have excellent notes, together with other sweet song birds, and by hearing the best and finest notes of these birds, the young canaries learn the sweetest of them, thus becoming beautiful singers. They are collected at certain seasons of the year by agents, who go from house to house, buying all the good birds they can find, which are afterwards put in small wooden cages in which they are brought to this country. They are transported in a fast-sailing ship under the care of a competent person, as they require the utmost attention. The usual number brought over in a ship is about four thousand. The cages are separated into a number of divisions, so that the person in charge can walk through the passages to examine and feed the birds. The water has to be changed, new food put into the cages, and the dead birds removed, or else they will breed diseases and cause a bird pestilence. These small cages are made in large quantities by the German peasants from the fir wood which grows in great abundance on the mountains. The extent of the business may be imagined from the fact that at least forty thousand canaries are imported into this country annually, principally from Germany. The retail price in this city ranges from \$3 to \$10, according to the appearance and singing qualities of the bird. The dealers, however, scarcely pay more than two for a bird, and they generally do not allow more than \$1 or \$1.50 for the birds they purchase.

The canary is noted for its peculiar properties of song, which are not equalled by any other variety of birds. Their notes are much more musical and delicate than those of such feathered songsters as the mocking bird, nightingale and linnet, which are ranked next in order. They not only possess a distinct quality of note, but also combine the excellent qualities of the notes of these birds with their own. There is a great difference between the notes of canaries: some sing with lead, short, quick notes, making a great deal of noise but very little music, while others begin with a long, low, warbling note rising, and swelling with modulation, and changing into flute-like tones, which gradually die away in the distance.



All's Well that Ends Well.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

It was all over at last. The house was in the debilitated condition peculiar to houses after some unusually brilliant festive occasion; the evergreen wreaths upon the walls had a drooping look, the flowers which had mingled plentifully in the decorations were brown and withered; the usually well-ordered rooms were in a litter of confusion, and in the dull gray of the cloudy winter morning, the last of the departing guests took their leave. There were a select few lingering on; one or two of Mrs. Divergne's particular friends who were quite at home with the family, and the quiet young artisan who had been found invaluable in the way of suggesting new amusements, perfecting material arrangements, and not in the least presuming or difficult to dispose of when wanted out of